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MAKERS AND SPENDERS. (Second Article.)

NOTHING can be more obvious than the revolutions which take place in the fortunes of families with almost every new generation. Our predecessors used to express this in a proverbial way, as follows:—

The grandaie buys; the father bigs;*
The son sells, and the grandson thigs.†

That is, fortune is acquired by one generation, used and enjoyed by a second, and squandered by a third, whose posterity become beggars. The general case is more exactly this: the child of a poor man works hard, and obtains wealth; the sons of this person, gifted with fortune of which they do not know the value, throw it to the winds, and leave their children destitute; these children, however, knowing what poverty is, are careful, industrious, and successful, like their grandfather, and leave wealth to be again dissipated, as his was. The one generation, in short, gains what it does not spend; the other spends what it does not gain. Hardly any man has both the gaining and spending of his money—unless, indeed, he be one of those philosophers who judiciously contrive to be always, as the saying is, between the hand and the mouth, and thus defraud of all possible advantage, both contemporaries and posterity, superiors, inferiors, and equals.

All the real good that is done in the world, is done by a limited number of persons. Some from their very childhood are marked out as individuals who will fully discharge every obligation of nature—work hard for their own bread, sustain those who have claims of affection upon them, and, after an useful and beneficial life, find themselves with a surplus for endowing their children. Others are destined from the very womb to be a trouble to all around them—to work hardly any, or to no good purpose; to bring children into the world whom others have to support; to be always, in fact, in the way of taking, and spoiling, and *snoring*, without ever making a single fellow-being the better of them—something like those children of charity described in works on the English poor-laws, who are ushered into existence by a midwife paid by the parish, nursed by a parish nurse, educated at a free school, apprenticed and supported all through by the parish, and finally buried at the expense of the same overlaid establishment. Just here and there in the waste of men, we see a goodly, honest, and painstaking person keeping up a decent house above his head, and paying scot and lot, as the saying is, with something perhaps to spare; wh^o all around him hang numerous individuals, related and unrelated, who supply their own deficiencies from his store, and enjoy all the advantages of industry, or perhaps more, with nothing of its toils. If a man be tolerably poor, he is permitted to lead a truly happy and independent life; but no sooner is it known of one that he has any thing, than whole legions of people come flocking about him to ravish away a share of it, and he is pestered out of his very life till they have got him once more equalised in every respect with themselves. A chicken which has just scraped up a rather larger worm than usual, is the aptest emblem in nature of a man so situated. Off she flies with the precious morsel hanging in her mouth. Off fly the rest of the brood after her, clamouring and pecking for a bit of it. In vain does she represent to them (for no doubt she does so) that the worm was the captive of her own bow and spear—that they may seek for another, and she won't interfere with them in eating it. No, no; nothing will do but a fair di-

vision of the spoil. Down at last goes the insect upon the ground, where it is immediately torn and gobbled in very unequal portions by her companions; and happy is she, if, in the long-run, she gets even a fair share of what unquestionably was altogether her own property.

So long as a man stands single in the world, or has none but infant children to attend to, he runs little risk of being altogether ruined by means not his own. The grand danger in the life of a respectable married member of society arises at the time when his children become men and women. We shall suppose a man who has been entirely the architect of his own fortune; a meritorious tradesman, who at first had to struggle with all the mishaps described in the preceding article—a victim father, a family not his own to be supported, and his capital for business all to be formed by his own labour. Suppose that this person, by singular perseverance, virtue, and ability, has overcome all his early troubles, and found himself at last able, without imprudence, to undertake the charge of a family of his own. In all probability, before his children grow up, he has been able to assume a style of life, which, though not ostentatious, comprises as much luxury and comfort as he may well be considered entitled to, after so laborious a life. Whatever be his mode of living, it is supported entirely by his own gains; and no one, therefore, can justly challenge it. It turns out, however, that the very ease in which this deserving man now lives, is apt to be exceedingly detrimental to his children. They have never known what want was. They calculate perhaps upon being set forward so well in the world, that very little exertion on their part may be necessary. It is at least apparent that the distressing circumstances which were a stimulus to their father in early life, are completely wanting to them; and as the circumstances are contrary, so is the result apt to be. The father was urged by a desire of living as he now lives; but the sons, who already live in this manner, have no such motive. It matters not that, so far as the young people are concerned, it is not a life that can last: the early usage is the thing which operates. In all entrances into life there are great initiatory difficulties: if a boy become an apprentice to a trade, he has to encounter much drudgery at first, and perhaps many real hardships; if he be destined for what is called a profession, the first steps are not in the least more easy. Now, the mischief lies in the disgust which a young person who has been brought up with all appliances and services, must feel on entering a course of life where the usage is so different and the labour so great. Lads who have mingled with genteel company, whether at their mother's tea-drinkings, or in scenes less innocent, cannot be seen going about as errand-boys, or doing any of those other acts of drudgery which are required on entering a business of the same order with that practised by their father. Such trades, therefore, are left to boys from the country, who have no acquaintances in whose eyes they may be degraded, or to the children of poorer persons than their own fathers. Now, it might be all very well that the young men are thus inclined, when the father is really possessed of fortune, and can give them the desired promotion in life. The cases, however, of which we speak, are those in which the father can only live respectably, and has little or no command of spare money. In such a case, the affluence is just enough to do evil, without going far enough to do good. It would almost appear, that, unless a man could feign poverty, and absolutely abstain from enjoying the fruits of his own industry, he can hardly save his children from this misfortune, or himself from the evils likely to arise from it.

It is not to be denied that many sons manifest superior application and talent to what has been shown by fathers of this kind, and, taking up the family prosperity at the point where their predecessors have dropped it, do not rest till they have carried it many degrees onward. Few instances, however, are found of prosperity in a *third* generation: Nature, which evidently never contemplated entails, seems to decree otherwise, in order that the good things of the world may not be monopolised by any peculiar race of men. At the hazard of being thought paradoxical, we would assign one generation as the more ordinary limits of prosperity, and lay it down as the most hopeful sign of any young man that his father was poor and his education hardy, while nothing, we would say, can look so ill for such an individual, as that he was brought up in perfect comfort, and had a patrimony to look forward to. We remember an honest country lad who used occasionally to cut the hair of his younger brothers, or of any other companion who chose, by submitting to him, to save the trifle generally given to the professed village barber. Some one once rallied this amateur tonsor on the inequalities which his scissors left behind them; to which he, with equal philosophy and good humour, replied, "Never mind—there's just a fortnight between a well-cut head and an ill one;" a remark which applies amazingly to the subject now in hand. The difference, evidently, between entering the world with and without capital, even where it is used in the former case with tolerable prudence, is purely a matter of time. A few years generally make them nearly alike.

How far good training may be effectual in averting the calamity of an untoward family, we will not pretend to say. From the frequent instances, however, of the best of fathers having the worst of sons, we are disposed to fear that it has no sure effect. The female parent is often blameable for the indulgence with which she treats a wayward child, to the counteraction of better processes instituted by the father. Nothing will tire a mother's love for her sons; and it would almost appear that their very worthlessness, when such is their character, only endears them to her the more, by reason that it sets her to work in forming hopes of their amendment—hopes so brilliant, that they exceed greatly the sober estimation she may entertain for the actual ready-money goodness of the rest. But it is needless to inquire into causes: the fact is apparent, that innumerable children, with every thing that is vulgarly supposed an advantage to aid their entrance into life, either shy at the starting, or soon founder and go off the course; and that many a deserving man, after a long life of severe toil, and when expecting to enjoy thenceforward the sweets of competency and leisure, finds that he is beginning the world once more in a number of dispersed existences, each of which is freighted with a part of his gains, and a part of his honour, and a part of his whole heart and soul, all of which in many cases are shipwrecked and lost—so that the real dangers and disasters of life are only now commencing. Just in proportion to the number of his children, is the number of his hazards; and though he generally finds comfort in some, he is more fortunate than nine-tenths of his fellow-men, if there be not one, or perhaps two, or even more, who tear for years at his own vitals and those of their more industrious brethren, nor rest till either the one party or the other has hidden its ignominy in the grave.

It is difficult, no doubt, to argue against any principle that may be considered as identified with human nature. Yet speculative thinkers may justly question the propriety of all this toil and self-denial for the sake

* Builds.

† This word expresses the condition of genteel mendicancy.

of our successors, when it is shown that, so far from doing them a certain good, it is almost sure to do them harm. It will never be disputed that every man ought to put himself, if possible, into the condition of being able to give his children a fair chance in the world, among the average of his companions in the same rank of life. It is altogether questionable, however, if any thing more than this is either demanded by the laws of affection, or in any respect salutary or just. Abstractly, it is only ridiculous that one generation should in all cases, if possible, supply the enjoyments of another, and have none to itself. Why, then, may we not see the absurdity of the particular case, when it comes to be our own matter? Surely it were far better that men in general took more enjoyment out of their own gains than they do; leaving to their successors a fair proportion of the difficulties of entering into life, that they may be the more able to endure its eventual burdens, and be the more regaled when they come to taste the sweets of well-directed exertion.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON ROMAN LITERATURE.

LIVY—TACITUS.

TITUS LIVIUS, whom we call Livy, was born at Patavium, the modern Padua, in the year 59 before Christ. Although his works have immortalised his name, he was no regardless of popular applause, or places of distinction, and too much delighted with philosophical retirement and humble privacy, to leave many vestiges of his rank, employments, adventures, or fortune; so that his life, like that of most other learned men, furnishes little for biographical narrative. He appears, however, to have been descended from a family of some celebrity, since it is known to have had the honour to give consuls to the republic of Rome. Having formed the design of his Roman history, he removed to Rome, where he might have recourse to such memorials and original papers, that had been preserved in the capitol, as were proper to ensure his accuracy concerning the origin of the city, and to remove those intricacies and doubts in which fabulous traditions had involved it. After he was sufficiently master of his subject, he retired to Naples, where his labours might meet with fewer interruptions. These were evidently the inducements which drew Livy from his native city to the capital, for it does not appear that he either liked the bustle of the city, or had the smallest wish for political preferment. History does not inform us in what year he removed to Rome, how long he continued there, or when he fixed his residence at Naples. It is said that he dedicated to Augustus certain Dialogues, which he published on the philosophical questions of the times, and that this made him known, and recommended him to the favour of the emperor. He afterwards wrote a Treatise on Eloquence, inscribed to his son, of which Quintilian makes honourable mention. Some time after this, he read some passages of his history to the emperor and Mæcenas, of which they formed so favourable an opinion, that Augustus appointed him preceptor to his grandson Claudius, afterwards emperor. Had ambition influenced his conduct, he might have improved his connection with the emperor, afforded by this appointment, to the furtherance of such desires; but absorbed, it appears, in his great undertaking, the History of Rome, his mind would soon revolt at the drudgery of teaching, and he sought the delight of tranquillity in the town, or vicinity, of Naples. Here he enjoyed undisturbed ease and quiet, continued his labours, and finished his work, consisting of one hundred and forty-two books, commencing with the arrival of Æneas in Italy, and ending with the death of Drusus, in the year 10 before Christ. After the death of Augustus, and the completion of his arduous undertaking, he returned to his native Padua, where he was received by his fellow-citizens with every demonstration of joy and mark of honour. He died there at the age of 76, in the fourth year of Tiberius, and seventeenth of the Christian era. Besides his son already mentioned, he had a daughter married to Lucius Magius; but whether they outlived or predeceased their father, or whether he had more than these two children, we have no means of ascertaining.

Of the hundred and forty-two books of which Livy's Roman History originally consisted, one hundred and seven have unfortunately been lost; so that thirty-five only have been transmitted to modern times, and of these some are also imperfect. We have entire the first ten books, and from the twenty-first to the forty-fifth inclusive. A few fragments of the last books, as also a summary, or contents of the whole, entire, either from the pen of Livy himself, or from that of Florus, another Roman historian, has come down to us. These summaries, while they furnish some important facts, excite deep regret at the irretrievable loss of so great and interesting a portion of this valuable work. The first ten books contain a rapid sketch of occurrences from the foundation of Rome, till 461 before Christ. In this portion we find a number of curious statements, written with great elegance

and liveliness of style. Of the records to which Livy had access, and of the traditional narrations, he made the very best use; yet candour must acknowledge that these pages contain much that is uncertain, much that is marvellous, and much that is fictitious. The next ten books contained, among other occurrences, the first Punic war, and comprised a period of seventy-five years. The second Punic war occupies the greater part of the next ten books, and, from the minuteness of the details, embraces only a period of sixteen years. The next ten, or fourth decade, record the wars with Philip, king of Macedonia, and Antiochus, king of Syria, comprising a space of twenty-three years. Of the fifth decade, only the first five remain, and these imperfect. They give, however, an account of two important wars, one with Perseus, king of Macedonia, who, after gaining many advantages over the Romans, was at last conquered, and his kingdom reduced to the form of a Roman province; the other with the Carthaginians, commonly called the third Punic war, which continued only for five years, and ended with Carthage being levelled with the ground.*

Every page of this author's writings, which time has destroyed, the literary world have agreed in regretting as a general loss. The value in which they have been held may be estimated from the expectations which have been formed, the searches that have been made, and the rewards that have been proposed, for recovering all the books of this inimitable historian which are wanted in our printed copies.

Livy saw and spoke of the Romans when they were at the height of their prosperity, and in the zenith of their power; but at the time when our next historian, Tacitus, wrote, luxury, and other causes of declension, had begun to operate towards their downfall.

Caius Cornelius Tacitus, who holds deservedly the second rank as a Roman historian and orator, was born about the year 57 of the Christian era. Ancient authors neither mention the names of his parents, their rank, nor the place of his birth; but it is thought that his father was procurator of Belgic Gaul, and must, consequently, have been a person possessed of equestrian dignity. There has been no information handed down regarding the place or the nature of his education; but oratory seems first to have engaged his attention, for the bar and the army were the only avenues by which a Roman could reach the honours of the state. In this pursuit Tacitus acquired so much celebrity, that the famous general Agricola chose him for his son-in-law when only twenty years of age, and he then appeared as a candidate for the honours of civil preferment. During the turbulent times of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, his conduct appears to have been marked by the strictest integrity, and by assiduity in his studies. The emperor Vespasian laid the foundation of his fortune; and under Titus, the son and successor of that prince, he obtained the office of Quæstor, which gave him a seat in the senate. The wicked Domitian, the brother and successor of Titus, bestowed some favours upon our author, who seems to have conducted himself with the same prudence, moderation, and caution, which he has commended so much in the conduct of his father-in-law. In the year 88, Tacitus was a member of the Quindecimviral College, and held the office of Prætor. Next year, he and his wife left Rome, and did not return for upwards of four years, during which time he is supposed to have had the government of a province committed to him by the emperor; and on the eve of his return, he received the mournful tidings of the death of his father-in-law Agricola, who died in September 93, not without strong suspicion of his having been poisoned by orders of Domitian, who was jealous of his great reputation.

On his return to Rome, Tacitus delivered a funeral oration in honour of the consul Virginius, and held the office of consul for the remainder of that year. An intimate friendship subsisted between Tacitus and the younger Pliny, founded on similarity of studies and virtues. They both detested the tyranny of Domitian, and both wished to give perpetuity to merit, by contrasting it with the vices of former or subsequent reigns. Of this, Pliny has given a beautiful specimen in his Panegyric on Trajan, and Tacitus in the whole of his history. In the prosecution of Marius Priscus, proconsul of Africa, Tacitus and Pliny pleaded the cause of the injured Africans, and the senate, after three days' deliberation, sentenced Priscus to pay back the amount of the bribes which he had received, and to be banished from Italy. The emperor Trajan presided at that trial, which happened in the year 100; and it does not appear that Tacitus afterwards gave any part of his time to the labours of the bar. During the reign of Trajan, he published his *History*, which comprised a period of twenty-seven years, beginning with the accession of Galba, in the year 68, and ending at the death of Domitian, in the year 96. Of this valuable work only four books and the beginning of the fifth remain. Vossius says, that it consisted of thirty books, and it will be readily allowed that the literary world has sustained a great loss by only so small a portion being transmitted to modern times. Encouraged by the high approbation of his countrymen, he selected another period of Roman history, in order to hold up to the detestation of succeeding ages the tyranny of Tiberius, Caligula,

Claudius, and Nero, which includes a space of fifty-four years, beginning with the year 15, and ending with the year 68. The style of this work, which he denominates *Annals*, differs considerably from that of the *History*. In the latter, Tacitus has, with greater labour, rounded his periods, and used more pompous and dignified expression. In the former, the style is simple, the words few, and the narrative rapid. He seizes on the principal characteristics, and the language conveys as it were but an outline of his meaning. In no Roman author do words convey so much beyond their ordinary signification, as in the *Annals* of Tacitus. Here, as well as in the *History*, the learned reader bewails the ravages of time. Part of the fifth book, which contained three years of the reign of Tiberius, the whole reign of Caligula, the first six years of the reign of Claudius, and the last two of Nero, perished during the barbarous ages.

Besides the *History* and *Annals*, Tacitus wrote the life of his father-in-law, Agricola, who subdued Britain, and was the first who sailed round it so far as to ascertain it to be an island. He wrote also a Treatise on the Manners of the Germans, and a Dialogue on Oratory. Had he lived, he intended to have reviewed the reign of Augustus, a work which he probably never wholly executed. The time of his death is not ascertained, but it took place, most likely, in the reign of Trajan. The same uncertainty prevails respecting the place where he died, and the spot which contained his ashes. His writings, however, constitute the best monument, and a genius like that of Tacitus stood in no need of sepulchral ornaments. His thorough knowledge of government, his admirable powers of description, and his penetrating judgment, fitted him for historical composition in an eminent degree. He considered it his duty to judge the actions of men, on purpose that the worthy might meet with a reward due to their virtue, and the wicked be deterred by the condemnation which awaits evil actions at the tribunal of posterity. This moral principle directed his pen throughout the whole of his works. His rich and varied eloquence enlivens his forcible description in such a manner, that the reader feels himself a witness of the events described, rather than a listener to the narrative of the historian.

It would be difficult to name an author to whom the Romans owed greater obligations than to Tacitus; yet his political sagacity has failed him remarkably in one opinion, where he declares, that a government in which the three orders, the people, the nobles, and the king, have each a share in the authority, could never in fact exist; or, if it did, could only be of short duration. In one instance, also, namely, when speaking of the Jews, national prejudice, added, perhaps, to inaccurate information, has made him misrepresent the origin, history, and character of that very remarkable people.

It is uncertain whether Tacitus left any family behind him. The only evidence in support of his having had children is, that Marcus Claudius Tacitus, who ascended the imperial throne in the year 273, derived his pedigree from our historian. Vanity may have led to this genealogy, since nearly two hundred years had elapsed from the time of the historian's death, and, unless his descendants had been considerable for rank, it would have been impossible to trace the connection.

STORY OF WALTER STUBBS.

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.—NO. III.

ON again visiting my friend Graham, I proposed to have another search in his dead-letter box; to which he, though taking less interest in the matter than I did, readily gave his assent. Of the letters, one which I had had in my hand on the former occasion again attracted my attention, and I presented it to Graham, inquiring if he knew any thing of the owner. It was addressed "Robert Ducie, Esq. — Regt." "Know him!" said Graham, "I know him perfectly; he is alive, and well: how could such a letter get in here? Ah! Ducie was away on furlough at the Cape for some time, and there was a report that he was dead. Sergeant White, my clerk, must have thrown it in at that time. But we must have the mistake rectified as soon as possible, for Ducie, though a good soldier enough, is not a person I should like to owe any obligations to. Will you accompany me to his bungalow, to deliver the letter?" I was of course quite ready to go; and as the distance was short, we did not take our palanquins. We had to pass over a narrow causeway which connected two islands in the bay, and where the tide came lashing to our feet on either side as we walked, threatening apparently to swallow up the narrow thread of pathway which gave us passage between its surges. The waves, however, had spent their force on the rocks and shallow beach long before they reached the causeway, which consequently never suffered, except in storms or very high tides. On arriving at the opposite side, Graham pointed out Captain Ducie's bungalow, not enveloped, like his own, in a group of palms, but shaded by two or three of the low wide-

* Vide Dymock's Bibliotheca Classica, art. *Livius*.

spreading Indian bread-fruit trees, whose immense pumpkin-like fruit, hanging among its branches, presents such a singular object to European visitors. Ducie was sitting reading on a camp-stool below one of them, and appeared to be a slight dark-complexioned man, of slow precise manners, and formal speech, with a watchful reserved look, as unlike the frankness of a soldier as any thing that could be imagined. After introducing me as his friend, Graham mentioned the mistake which had occurred: "I believe," said he, "it was owing to the illness of Sergeant White, my clerk, who was for a while unable to attend regularly during the time that you were on furlough."

"No doubt of it: that must have been the reason of an oversight so unlike you, Lieutenant Graham," said Mr Ducie, accepting the apology with the air of a person who did not give up the idea that there was blame somewhere else. "But this is a singular communication which I have received," said he, after perusing the letter; "and I should rather wish that in the steps which I must take with regard to it, I should have the benefit of your assistance, Adjutant Graham." Adjutant Graham did not appear to be much flattered with the confidence of our host; but as it seemed to be rather imposed on his official character than offered on personal grounds, he bowed gravely, and said he would be glad if he could be of any service. Mr Ducie then continued: "That you may understand the circumstances, I beg to mention that about eighteen months ago, a communication was sent me by a relation, inquiring concerning an old man of the name of Stubbs—Walter Stubbs—said to reside on this island, and who was supposed to be rightful heir to a considerable landed property in England. My relation—a Mr Semple—is himself connected through his wife with the same property, which I believe falls to his family in default of Stubbs and his issue. Having been able, after a great deal of research, to trace the supposed heir to India, where he lost all clue to his farther motions, he applied to me as being on the spot; the man luckily had not changed his name, so that I was soon enabled to find him, and make the necessary perquisitions. I wrote to Mr Semple in consequence, and this is his answer."

"Stubbs?" said Graham; "is not that one of the old pensioners who reside among the native black people in the village of Colabah?"

"He does reside there, Mr Graham," answered Ducie.

"If your friend is only to succeed in default of his issue, he will make but little of his inheritance, I am afraid; for Stubbs has as flourishing a warren of black children as ever I saw."

Mr Ducie answered by a grim smile, which seemed to hold the claims of Stubbs's progeny very light; and I had frequently heard that the children of an Englishman by a native female could not succeed to British property, except by some special provision.

"That is not our concern, Mr Graham," said Ducie; "but I informed Mr Semple of the circumstance. This is his letter." I happened to be next Mr Ducie, so that the communication came into my hands, the owner retaining one or two enclosures, which I should have liked much to see also; for it was evident there were considerable inducements to prevent the old soldier and his Indian family from getting fair play. The letter was as follows:—

"MY DEAR DUCIE—I received yours, and am much gratified that you have been able to discover the heir. It was the luckiest chance my getting a hint of his being in India; but had you not been on the spot, we could never have succeeded. You cannot imagine how many false claims had to be encountered, and how much riding and running to parish registers and tombstones I have had, before we could establish the right of Stubbs to the property. The landed estate is reckoned to be worth £800 per annum, so that the old pensioner will be quite lifted off his feet. As for Mrs Semple's claim, it falls to the ground if Stubbs has any children who can inherit. You can call upon the old man, and consult with him on the steps necessary for putting him in possession, or for bringing him to Europe, if he wishes it, which I should think unlikely, as he has no friends here, and his conduct in early life, as far as I can learn, was odd enough. All the necessary documents are forwarded to the house of Jervas and Company, where they will be kept till you call for them. I thought it better to send them in that way, than through the post-office."

"Stubbs left this country before you or I were born; but I have often heard my father-in-law speak of him as a wild headstrong youth, who added to the misfortunes in which his family involved itself, by their long and obstinate lawsuit with Mrs Semple's friends. There was a story about his being attached to a young woman, one of our relations, whom the family were forced to disown. She is long since dead; but these are all matters of a very remote date."

"I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as the necessary steps can be taken.—I am yours, &c."

"D. SEMPLE."

"Why, this is better than any eastern romance of them all," said Graham, forgetting the formality of the visit in his interest in the story of the heir. "I have seen the old man over and again, sitting under a tree in the little bazaar, talking with a group of the natives: he speaks all their languages; and with his blue muslin jacket, straw hat, and Russia leather complexion, he looks as much Indian, or at least as

little English, as any Brahmin among them. To think of such an old rajahpoot becoming a gentleman of £800 a-year in England, and handing the estate down to his black-and-white progeny, is capital."

Ducie gave a kind of sarcastic laugh, while he said, "If they are entitled to it, why not, Mr Graham?—the old man will be glad to see it so distributed, I have no doubt."

There appeared to me to be very little sincerity in Mr Ducie's acquiescence, and even his friend's letter, which I had read (I was sure he had some private communication besides), seemed a document written for the purpose of being shown about, in order at once to throw a tinge of discredit on the heir, and to make out a claim of disinterestedness on the part of his agents. I was rather confirmed in this view by Mr Ducie ostentatiously requesting Mr Graham and myself to accompany him while he delivered a letter, which was enclosed, to Stubbs. We accepted the invitation, and set out immediately after taking tea.

Our road led us to return over the same causeway by which we had come; after which, on entering the other island, we came upon a pretty large open space, surrounded by cocoa-nut and other trees, except at one corner, where the village was situated. It was bright moonlight, and I saw that the houses of this Indian town, among which we soon found ourselves entangled, were all of them little low sheds, with their walls made of twigs, warped on wooden framework, and plastered with mud; they were roofed with palm-branches and leaves, and few of them appeared to be more than six or seven feet high. We passed through a narrow lane of such edifices, where hardly any body was to be seen but here and there a little black naked child, which watched our approach with its two bright eyes, peeping from behind a corner till we came near, when it vanished into the shade. The lane, after turning to the right, conducted us at last to an open space which surrounded a little mosque or temple (I could not tell which), whose white walls glittered in the moonlight, and contrasted strangely with the multitude of little dark huts by which it was surrounded. In the corner of the area, opposite to that where we entered, were two or three trees clustering together, while beneath these we could observe, by their white dresses, several of the Hindoo inhabitants seated on a turf bench, to enjoy the coolness of the moonlight evening, which is so delightful in these hot climates. On coming up, Mr Graham, observing one of the people who wore a hat, and not a turban like the others, said to him in English, "Can you show us the house of Walter Stubbs, whereabouts?"

"I am Walter Stubbs, sir," said the man, coming at the same time out into the full moonlight, and touching his hat respectfully. He was a person evidently advanced in years, of middle size, with a complexion very much tanned by the climate, but still of hale and firm appearance. As we stood, the stout old man looked at us with a kind of quiet scrutiny, as if waiting to learn what business we could have with one who had now little to do with English people or their concerns; while I could not but wonder at the chance which was apparently to introduce such a person, as it were, into a new scene of existence.

"Oh, is it you, sergeant—Mr Stubbs?" said Ducie, in a tone where the habits of military authority (for which he was a great stickler) struggled oddly with his evident wish to conciliate the heir of £800 a-year. "I have been looking for you, in order to inform you that a letter has been at last received, in regard to the affair which I mentioned slightly to you about eighteen months ago."

"That is concerning the property, sir; is it?"

"It is, Stubbs—Mr Stubbs. I have this evening, after some delay, received a letter from my friend Mr Semple, informing me that your right is ascertained beyond a doubt, and that there is nothing to prevent your entering upon possession."

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir. I am old, but it will be of advantage to my family."

Ducie gave a kind of cough, but immediately said, "This letter from Mr Semple to you will state the particulars as far as it is necessary for you to know them at present."

"Will some of you gentlemen read it for me?" said Stubbs; "my old eyes will not serve me without glasses, which I have left at home."

The letter was accordingly given to me to read; it was very short, and ran as follows:—

"MR STUBBS—Sir, By the assistance of my friend Mr Ducie, I have been able to trace your title to the property at Westham, and to satisfy myself that it descends to your family, provided your wife be a European woman. All the documents are lodged with Jervas and Company, from whom you will receive them in presence of Mr Ducie. I believe you are aware that, failing you and your heirs, the property falls to my wife as the next relation. I am, &c."

"DAVID SEMPLE."

I observed the old man cast a sharp glance on our companion at mention of the clause which excluded his family; and, on handing him the letter, I said, "It is a pity that your children cannot succeed. Perhaps Mr Semple may be mistaken."

"He will take care there be no mistake on that subject," said Stubbs, with a bitter smile.

"I had understood that your wife was of Christian parentage at least," said Mr Ducie, in an insinuating manner; "in which case there might be some chance of a different interpretation."

"She was born in Poonah, sir, of Mahomedan parents," said Stubbs, abruptly.

Ducie only answered by a stare, and then said, "You will meet us at the colonel's to-morrow morning, Mr Stubbs, where I shall have the packet in readiness, which is now lying with Mr Jervas; you can have some witness there on your part, who is able to write."

"I shall bring White, sir, the adjutant's clerk."

"What! is that the fellow whose carelessness delayed the letter?" asked Mr Ducie.

"I assure you," said Mr Graham, "that White, for the few years he has been in the country, has shown himself both a good clerk and a good soldier; the mistake about your letter must have occurred when he was absent from illness."

"Well, well," said the other, "Mr Stubbs may bring any confidant he pleases: I shall be there with the packet. Will you go now, gentlemen?"

We had proceeded a few steps on our return, when we heard Stubbs calling on Mr Graham, "Adjutant—adjutant;" and my friend, seeing that the old man would not be able to overtake us, stopped to wait for him. I remained also, Mr Ducie being obliged to proceed to the military barracks on some point of duty.

When Stubbs came up, he said to Graham, whom he seemed to consider as a friend, "this Mr Ducie and his relation are seeking to make a handle of my claims, in order to forward their own; and I suspect they would have contrived to do without me altogether, had they thought my family could succeed. Did they say any thing of a young woman who should have been heir before either them or me?"

Graham hesitated a little—"They said something about a young person to whom you were engaged in early life, Mr Stubbs, but who is since dead."

"To whom I was engaged, and who is since dead!" said the old man, speaking with a low deep voice, and evidently agitated with strong feeling. "They would say no more, I doubt not. Her name was Agnes Rugley, and they and their friends killed her and ruined me. This property, gentlemen, has been the occasion of some unhappy events—God grant that they may be ended."

There was a pause, neither of us knowing what to reply to observations so unexpected. Mr Graham at last said, "Then you knew of your connection with the property before?"

"Knew of it!" said he, shaking his head, "I knew of it too well. Did not a lawsuit, in which it involved us with these Ducies and Semples, cause the death both of my father and uncle, and of my cousin—my poor—I mean of this Agnes Rugley?" said he, checking himself in something which he would have said. "But what I have to ask of you, sir (addressing Graham), is to request that you would permit your clerk, Sergeant White, to be present to-morrow at the reading of these papers at the colonel's."

"Surely; White is a most deserving lad, and you could not give your confidence to a better."

"Thank you, sir—thank you," said Stubbs, touching his hat, and walking away.

We stood looking after him for a moment, and when we at last turned to go home, Mr Graham said, "this is a strange story, if one can believe what Stubbs says; he was always reckoned a steady old fellow, and performed some singular exploits when he was in service: the colonel has the greatest respect for him. There must have been some foul play of old, both towards him and this young woman whom he speaks of, and I am sure Ducie knows of it all. It will be a pity if they can keep his children out of the inheritance."

"I believe it is quite in their power," I replied; "the children of a woman of this country cannot inherit, if the next heirs insist on excluding her."

"They will do it then, you may depend, and I am sorry for it; for Stubbs has been at more pains with the education of his children than most others in his situation. He is a sensible old fellow. But you will meet me to-morrow at the colonel's; you are sufficiently acquainted with him."

I promised, and we parted accordingly.

I was rather late at my appointment, and found all the other parties present. They had finished reading some papers by which old Colonel Griffiths appeared greatly interested, and he was asking Stubbs some questions about them as I entered, which White, the adjutant's clerk, a good-looking young soldier, was writing down.

"My family cannot inherit the property, then?" said Stubbs.

"If the next heir chooses to insist on the circumstance of their mother not being a British subject," said the colonel, "he can undoubtedly prevent them from succeeding. The question is, will he take advantage of that point?"

"I am instructed that they cannot succeed," said Ducie.

Stubbs cast on the speaker a look of scorn in reply to this remark, and said, "your friends expect to reap the benefit, I suppose; but if Agnes Rugley had been my wife, her children could have inherited, could not they?"

Ducie coloured deeply, but merely said, "I suppose so—I know nothing of Agnes Rugley."

"Ahem! will you look at that, sir?" said Stubbs, handing to the colonel a paper which he took from a beautiful little Chinese card-box.

"This," said the old colonel, "is an attestation of

marriage between Walter Stubbs and Agnes Rugley, spinster."

"And this," said Stubbs, taking another paper from the box.

"It is," said the colonel, "an extract of the records of baptism of Robert Stubbs, son of the before-mentioned Agnes and Walter."

"Yes," said Stubbs, "I have lived to see the end of a train of machinations which ruined my father and his family when I was a lad, and which crushed to the earth a woman who deserved my dearest love. She died; and I was driven to India, where I have spent the prime and strength of my life as a common soldier."

"You were ever an honour to your regiment, Mr Stubbs," said the colonel; "and many a time I have been proud of your gallant conduct. But this paper intimates that you had a son in Europe?"

"He is here, sir. Serjeant White is my son, and the son of Agnes Rugley. He was bred up by a friend of his father and mother, and came to India to share my fortunes."

All eyes were turned on the young man, and certainly a more graceful figure, now that he stood as the heir of a fortune, never appeared. Colonel Griffiths took him by the hand, and said, "I am glad, young man, that my gallant old friend, Mr Stubbs, has a son who is worthy of him. He and I have long been fellow-soldiers, and whatever I can do for you or him, you may command." The young man bowed gratefully.

Mr Ducie departed in a few minutes, and Graham and I also took our leave, Graham saying as we went out, "the colonel will be glad to be left alone to hear the whole story from the old man. Stubbs and he came to India about the same time, and have lived together through battles and fevers innumerable. The rights of the heir are in much better hands now than our friend Ducie's."

A COLUMN ON THE FINE ARTS.

THE hackneyed phrase, that there is no disputing on subjects of taste, seems to imply that every description of whimsicality or prejudice may be defended, or that it is useless to contend against them. The term taste being undefined, or not being referable to any particular standard, has rendered it subject to vague interpretations; nevertheless, we all agree that it is a qualification which enables us, amongst variety, to select the most graceful or beautiful, and that it is most desirable when investigating subjects connected with the fine arts. Impressions may be variously produced on the mind, and gratification may be derived from numerous sources, but it has never been contended, that, when the objects of our pleasure have been trifling or vulgar, the indulgence was favourable to taste; whereas, if the source of our pleasures be refined, there can be no hesitation in applying the term tasteful to our gratifications.

It may be assumed that we naturally possess a disposition to admire pictorial representations. There is not a cottage, where its inmates can afford the expenditure, in which we do not see some effort of art decorating the whitewashed walls. Examine this propensity through the ascending gradations of society—the merchant's villa with its display of cabinet pictures—the splendid gallery of paintings in the nobleman's mansion—and the magnificent collections from the highest schools of art in the royal palaces. If all this do not arise from a love of the arts, to what shall we attribute a propensity so general?

All persons are not equally enabled to judge of correctness of form and beauty of colouring; but, under similar circumstances of education and disposition to cultivate tasteful pursuits, it is reasonable to conclude they would be so, and the same general standard of correctness would be universally acknowledged. The ability to distinguish between the ordinary and the beautiful, may not require an exertion of critical acumen; but, amid the variety of forms and hues that nature presents to our view, to determine which is most appropriate to some particular purpose, or most proper to be selected in unison with others, demands an intimacy with forms and colours as extensive as their combinations may be intricate. Accordingly, we find those who possess those discriminations do not wander in uncertainty as to the effect produced by those combinations of form or colour—their mode of arrangement and power of decision have reference to a standard of excellence. In the human figure, for example, the ideas of grace and beauty entertained by the Greeks are to this day acknowledged throughout civilized Europe. Among English females, those who approach nearest to the form so much admired in the *Venus de Medici*, never fail to awaken a corresponding delight, or an intellectual avowal of the presence of that standard by which is determined the perfection of the human form.

If taste be considered that state of the mind which delights in contemplating works of nature or of art, the frequency of its being so occupied must tend to its advancement in judgment. Webb, speaking of our ability to judge of painting, says, "We have all within us the germs of taste, and, if we exercise our powers, are capable of improving them into a sufficient knowledge of the fine arts, for all the purposes of judging correctly." Taste has never been known to start into perfection, but to have required a series of investigations, leading imperceptibly to a conviction of the correctness of certain particulars on which the judgment could safely repose. This may have been obtained by an infinite variety of modes of comparison, and conceptions respecting their truth. Our minds are variously acted upon during such examinations; our feelings are so differently affected, they are touched by sudden impulses occasioned by our mode of thinking, and more particularly by our ordinary pursuits, that it would be surprising if a number of persons were to declare their opinions on a work of art, to have been derived from a similar association of ideas. All might agree in a general expression of pleasure; but pleasure is a feeling that admits of various degrees of satisfaction, influenced by the different modes by which the knowledge was attained, and on which depended the increased gratification. Burke says, "The imagination is the most extensive province of pleasure and pain, as it is the region of our hopes and fears, and all our passions, that are connected with them; and whatever is calculated to affect the imagination with these commanding ideas, by force of any original natural expression, must have the same power pretty equally over all persons. For, since the imagination is only the representation of the senses, it can only be pleased or displeased with the realities, and, consequently, there must be just as close an agreement in the imaginations as in the senses of persons." But neither our senses nor our imaginations are invariably the same; they are operated upon by time, place, and circumstances. To whatever extent these may promote or retard the acquirement of taste, might be a useless inquiry; since we know, that, by perseverance alone, the requisite quickness of apprehension, or the cultivated understanding, can be derived, which enables us to feel that our highest gratifications do not arise merely from inspecting a work of art, but chiefly from those acquired ideas with which such objects may be associated.

The history of those painters who have attained to the highest eminence in their profession, is sufficient to convince us that their elevation was gained by assiduity. Why is it that those who instruct themselves frequently make the greatest proficient? Depending on their observation, their faculties are in constant requisition; the knowledge they obtain is derived from experience; they reflect, till judgment teaches them to distinguish between affectation and simplicity, between finery and beauty; they also know that their brightest talent is indebted for its lustre to a series of laborious studies, before they can possess acquirements that enable them to feel mentally, and express themselves naturally.

The great and liberal Reynolds cleared away the mysticism that bewildered those who desired to obtain a knowledge of the fine arts. His lectures, delivered at the Royal Academy, are interspersed with the most satisfactory arguments, tending to prove that almost every object of which we are in pursuit may be acquired by diligent observation and its accompanying experience. Reynolds found this position disputed by many—still he reiterated that nothing was denied to well-directed labour. Thomson, who felt as Reynolds did, says, "All is the gift of industry, whatever exalts, embellishes, or renders life delightful;" yet the principle thus advocated by a painter and a poet, both of whom have dignified their country, is still disputed or tardily admitted.

There are persons who possess lively imaginations, others who are dull, even to apathy. The mass of mankind have faculties fluctuating between these extremes, while we find some who have no admiration of the fine arts, because they perceive nothing therein that conveys an idea of pleasurable sensations: this may be deemed a misfortune, proceeding either from indisposition or from incapacity—perhaps the proper chord has not been struck to which the soul might be attuned. Other persons, possessing a delicate sensibility, will extract pleasure from the representation of any subject that has the slightest association with the appearances of objects they have previously ad-

mired in nature; the expressing of delight, arising from such a source, has been considered the effect of enthusiasm, or a bewildered imagination.

To form a comparative judgment of objects, is a power of which every individual is master. Who that placed a dock-leaf or a thistle by the side of a picture, in which either of those objects was represented, would be incapable of distinguishing between the successful imitation and the failure? The capacity to retain in the mind's eye so vivid a recollection of remote objects, as to detect dissimilarity in pictorial representation, is a power requiring but little mental exertion. To possess a feeling for the beautiful, amid the intricacy of natural forms and colours, and to recognise them when represented, is an exercise of taste in the fine arts. It is the basis on which refinement may easily be elevated—a structure which becomes more valuable and extensive in proportion as we have been assiduous in collecting the materials of which it is composed.

Those who are unacquainted with the mechanism of art are astonished at the vast powers possessed by an artist over a few simple materials, by means of which he presents to our view the beautiful in nature that his application has enabled him to select. There is no distinction between knowledge obtained from nature by an artist, and the knowledge gleaned by an unprofessional admirer of nature. There is no patent right in the acquirement of taste, any more than there is a royal path to the mathematics—"all is the gift of industry." If there be any who entertain the idea of arriving at the possession of taste independent of study, they must expect something like enchantment to operate in their favour. Those who neither feel nor regret the want of taste, are least likely to exert themselves for improvement.

There is an affectation of musical taste, of poetic feeling, and of intimacy with the art of painting. Now, all these must be supported at considerable risk, for nothing can be more absurd than the constant endeavour to appear that which we are not. The dread of the truth peeping from beneath the disguise, and the consequent exposure of our ignorance, demands a greater exertion of the mind to surmount, than even the study necessary to the acquirement of a tolerable portion of valuable information. We should endeavour to become sensible of our defects, that we may entertain a hope of their removal. All extraordinary modes of acquiring information, like the cramming for a degree at the universities, become stumbling-blocks, that impede the search for what is genuine. Hints on the road may be useful; but even these should be examined, and their correctness ascertained, before they can be valuable to the traveller after taste in the fine arts.

So numerous are the productions of the pencil, so various are the peculiarities of style, enriched by beauty of colour, elegance of composition, or grandeur of effect, that to be unacquainted with the principles of that power which can so pleasingly affect our perception, influence our feelings, or command our approbation, implies a deficiency in education of a nature connected with the dark ages. In this period of general improvement, it is absolutely incumbent on us to read extensively, and to study nature assiduously, for the acquirement of taste, to enable us to appreciate talent, or to apply just and liberal criticism.

The simplest effort in drawing by a child is frequently calculated to excite sensations of pleasure; but the ability to point out one line or touch deserving of approbation, is not only estimable in the judge, but it is of incalculable value to young aspirants. From that moment may be dated a desire for improvement—a love of art has been implanted—appeals to nature become frequent—feeling is acquired—truth rendered evident—and taste is the result of such employment. Even this slight exercise of taste and judgment on the sketches of a child should be regulated by a knowledge of the object in nature, without which it is nothing more than ignorant presumption; for it should be recollected, that whoever studies art alone will have a narrow manner of considering all objects, and of referring them to that particular style to which their attention may have been directed. We may profit by the instruction which painters afford, but even they are indebted to the beautiful in nature for the most alluring of their productions.

To judge of a picture, or to decide on its excellence from the reputation of the artist who painted it, is productive of confusion, and often the confirmation of ignorance. Artists have their rise, meridian, and set, of talent. Richardson was of opinion there never was a faultless picture, and rarely one to be seen in which there were not notorious defects. The circumstance that a picture is highly esteemed by its possessor, or that it was once in the gallery of some distinguished personage, or that the artist or some picture-dealer received a large sum of money for it, offer no proof of superior excellence, nor ought that to influence the judgment of an admirer of truth and nature. The intrinsic merit of the picture is the criterion—Will it bear the ordeal of comparison with its original? If it will not, approbation is properly withheld. Thus it should be throughout the vast variety of subjects presented to our inspection. It is the language of the painter addressed to our knowledge and experience in the beauties of nature. If we be incompetent to the understanding of his appeal, let us neither insult him, nor become the promulgators of our ignorance. As in ordinary conversation the

greatest pleasure experienced by the parties is their being reciprocally understood, so, with the production of an artist, the satisfaction he conveys is attributable to the knowledge we possess of his subject, and the sources of his information.

The dog that ran against a picture on which steps were represented, and the bird that picked an imitative bunch of grapes, were alike deceived. Had they been capable of appreciating the talent displayed in those paintings, they would have been delighted with the truth of representation.

SAILING DOWN THE OHIO.

[By AUDUBON.]

THE natural features of North America are not less remarkable than the moral character of her inhabitants; and I cannot find a better subject than one of those magnificent rivers that roll the collected waters of her extensive territories to the ocean.

When my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and myself, were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it expedient, the waters being unusually low, to provide ourselves with a *skiff*, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomination. We procured a mattress, and our friends furnished us with ready-prepared viands. We had two stout negro rowers, and in this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the place of our destination in a very few days.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and, with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking, that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while, on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed—some laden with produce from the different headwaters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

The margins of the shores and of the river were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild

turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when, one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the state of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased; we imagined we heard cries of "murder;" and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp-meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption, we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport by water about two hundred miles.

When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elk, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steam-boats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot—when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.—*American Ornithology.*

THE POISONER, A TALE OF GERMANY.

[The following remarkable story of real life is condensed, in the Foreign Quarterly Review, from Feuerbach's German Criminal Trials. We have in general a decided objection to the horrible, whether in the shape of supernatural fictions, or of transactions of an atrocious character in real life. The former tend to confound, in young minds, all proper perceptions of natural facts; while the latter, by familiarising the same minds with wicked actions, and giving the charm of fame to their perpetrators, are apt to lead to a similar, instead of (as their promulgators sometimes profess to hope) a contrary line of conduct. At the very best, such narratives are not favourable to the improvement of taste; and, for all reasons put together, we carefully avoid them in the present work. There is a difference, however, between an account of a criminal, such as those in the Newgate Calendar, where the circumstances of the crime are alone dwelt on, and one where the *state of mind* which produced the crime is inquired into and moralised upon; and as the following story, in addition to its extraordinary interest, possesses this salutary property, we make no scruple to present it to our readers.]

IN 1808, a widow, about fifty years old, resident at Pegnitz, and bearing the name of Anna Schonleben, was received as housekeeper into the family of the Justiz-Amptmann Glaser, who had for some time previous been living separate from his wife. Shortly after the commencement of her service, however, a partial reconciliation took place, in a great measure effected through the exertions of Schonleben, and the wife returned to her husband's house. But their reunion was of short duration, for in the course of four weeks after her return she was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which in a day or two she expired.

On this event, Schonleben quitted the service of Glaser, and was received in the same capacity into that of the Justiz-Amptmann Grohmann, then unmarried. Though only thirty-eight years of age, he was in delicate health, and had suffered severely from the gout, so that Schonleben had an opportunity of showing, by the extreme care and attention which she bestowed upon his comforts, her qualifications for the office she had undertaken. Her cares, however, it seemed were unavailing: her master fell sick in spring 1809, his disease being accompanied with violent internal pains of the stomach, dryness of the skin, vomiting, &c., and he died on the 8th May, after an illness of eleven days. Schonleben, who had attended him with unremitting attention during his illness, administering all his medicines with her own hand, appeared inconsolable for his loss—and that of her situation.

The high character, however, which she had acquired for her prudence, care, and gentleness, as a sick-nurse, immediately procured her another in the

family of the Kammer-Amptmann Gebhard, whose wife was at that time on the point of being confined. This event took place on the 13th May, shortly after the entry of the new housekeeper, who made herself particularly useful, and mother and child were going on extremely well, when, on the third day after the birth, the lady was seized with spasms, internal heat, violent thirst, vomiting, &c. In the extremity of her agony she frequently exclaimed that they had given her poison. Seven days after her confinement, she expired.

Gebhard, the widower, left without any one to take the management of his domestic affairs, thought that, in the meantime, he could not do better than retain in his service the housekeeper, who, during his wife's illness, had distinguished herself so much by the zeal and assiduity of her attentions to the invalid. Some of his friends attempted to dissuade him from retaining an inmate who seemed by some fatality to bring death into every family with which she became connected; but Gebhard, who was not of a superstitious turn, laughed at their apprehensions, and Schonleben remained in his house, now invested with almost unlimited authority.

During her residence here, many circumstances occurred, which, though at the time they excited little attention, were subsequently recollected and satisfactorily established. These will be hereafter alluded to: meantime we proceed to that which first directed suspicion against her. Gebhard had, at last, by the importunity of a friend, who (from what ground he did not explain) had advised him to dismiss his housekeeper, been prevailed on to take his advice, and had communicated as gently as possible his resolution to Schonleben herself. She received it without any observation, except an expression of surprise at the suddenness with which he had changed his mind, and the next day was fixed for her departure for Bayreuth. Meantime she bustled about as usual, arranged the rooms, and filled the salt-box in the kitchen, observing that it was the custom for those who went away to do so for their successors. On the morning of her departure, as a token of her good will, she made coffee for the maids, supplying them with sugar from a paper of her own. The coach, which her master had been good-natured enough to procure for her, was already at the door. She took his child, now twenty weeks old, in her arms, gave it a biscuit soaked in milk, caressed it, and took her leave. Scarcely had she been gone half an hour, when both the child and the servants were seized with violent retching, which lasted for some hours, leaving them extremely weak and ill. Suspicion being now at last fairly awakened, Gebhard had the salt-box examined which Schonleben had so officiously filled. The salt was found strongly impregnated with arsenic. In the salt-barrel, also, from which it had been taken, thirty grains of arsenic were found, mixed with about three pounds of salt.

That the series of sudden deaths which had occurred in the families in which Schonleben had resided, was owing to poison, now occurred to every one as clear; and they almost wondered how so many circumstances could have passed before their eyes without awakening them to the truth. During her residence with Gebhard, it appeared that two visitors who had dined with her master, in August 1809, were seized after dinner with the same symptoms of vomiting, convulsions, spasms, &c. which had affected the servants on the day of Schonleben's departure, and of which the more unfortunate mistress of the family had expired; that on one occasion she had given a glass of white wine to Rosenhauer, a servant who had called with a message, which had occasioned similar symptoms, so violent indeed as to oblige him for a day or two to keep his bed; that on another, she had taken a lad of nineteen, Johann Kraus, into the cellar, where she offered him a glass of brandy, which, after tasting, and perceiving a white sediment within it, he declined; that one of the servants, Barbara Waldmann, with whom Schonleben had frequent quarrels, after drinking a cup of coffee, was seized with exactly the same symptoms as her companions; and what, perhaps, appeared the most extraordinary of all, that at a party given by her master on the 1st September, having occasion to send her to his cellar for some pitchers of beer, he himself, and all the guests that partook of it, five in number, were almost immediately afterwards seized with the usual spasms, sickness, &c., which seemed to accompany the use of those liquids whenever they were dispensed by Schonleben.

Although from the long period which had elapsed since the death of those individuals, whose fate there was reason to suppose had been so prematurely accelerated by this smooth-faced poisoner, there was no great probability that any light would be thrown upon these dark transactions by an inspection of the bodies, it was resolved on at all events to give the matter a trial. The result of this ghastly examination, however, was more decisive than could have been expected; all the bodies exhibited, in a greater or less degree, those appearances which modern researches into the effects of poisons have shown to be produced by the use of arsenic; and in one of them in particular, that of the wife of Glaser, the arsenic was still capable of being detected in substance. On the whole, the medical inspectors felt themselves warranted in concluding, that the deaths of at least two individuals out of the three had been occasioned by poison.

Meantime, Schonleben had been living quietly at Bayreuth, seemingly quite unconscious of the storm

which was gathering around her. Her finished hypocrisy even led her, while on the road, to write a letter to her late master, reproaching him with his ingratitude in dismissing one who had been a protecting angel to his child; and in passing through Nurnberg, to take up her residence with the mother of her victim, the wife of Gebhard. On reaching Bayreuth she again wrote more than once to Gebhard; the object of her letters evidently being to induce him again to receive her back into his family. She made a similar attempt on her former master, Glaser, but without success. While engaged in these negotiations, the warrant arrived for her apprehension, and she was taken into custody on the 19th October. On examining her person, three packets were found in her pocket, two of them containing fly-powder, and the third arsenic.

For a long time she would confess nothing; evading with great ingenuity, or resisting with obstinacy, every attempt to obtain from her any admission of her guilt. It was not till the 16th April 1810, that her courage gave way, when she learned the result of the examination of the body of Glaser. Then at last, weeping and wringing her hands, she confessed that she had on two occasions administered poison to her. No sooner had this confession been uttered, than she fell to the ground as if struck by lightning, and was removed in strong convulsions from the chamber.

We shall condense into a short connected statement the substance of the numerous examinations which this wretch subsequently underwent, and of the information acquired from other sources, by which her statements were in many particulars modified, and in some points refuted. Born in Nurnberg in 1700, she had lost both her parents before she reached her fifth year. Her father had possessed some property, and till her nineteenth year she remained under the charge of her guardian, who was warmly attached to her, and bestowed much care on her education. At the age of nineteen, she married, rather against her inclination, the notary Zwanziger, for such, not Schoneben, was her real name. The loneliness and dullness of her matrimonial life contrasted very disagreeably with the gaieties of her guardian's house; and in the absence of her husband, who divided his time between business and the bottle, she dispelled her ennui by sentimental novel-reading, weeping over the Sorrows of Werter, and the struggles of Pamela and Emilia Galotti. The property which fell to her on her coming of age was soon dissipated by her husband and herself in extravagant entertainments and an expensive establishment, and a few years saw them sunk in wretchedness, with a family to support, and without even the comfort of mutual cordiality or esteem; for the admirer of Pamela, whose sympathetic heart bled for the Sorrows of Werter, now attempted to prop the falling establishment, by making the best use she could of her personal attractions (which, hideous and repulsive as she appeared at the time of her trial, she described as having once been very considerable), while her husband, as mean and grovelling in adversity as he had been assuming and overbearing in prosperity, was a patient spectator of his own dishonour. Shortly afterwards he died, leaving his widow to pursue her career of vice and deceit alone. During the time which intervened between the death of her husband, and that when she first entered the service of Glaser, her life had been one continued scene of licentiousness and hypocrisy. Devoid of principle from the first, mingling chiefly with others who, though of respectable or exalted rank, were as destitute of it as herself; forced to pretend attachment where none was felt; to submit where she would willingly have ruled; sometimes laughed at or treated with ingratitude where she was really labouring to please; a wanderer on the earth for twenty years, without a resting-place or a sincere friend; she became at last a habitual hypocrite, to whom falsehood seemed to be actually more natural than truth. Rage and disappointment at her fate, and a bitter hatred against mankind, seemed to have gradually been maturing in her heart; till at last all the better sympathies of her nature were poisoned, and nothing remained but the determination to better her condition at the expense of all those ties which humanity holds most sacred. When and how the idea of poison dawned on her—whether suddenly, or by degrees, her confessions did not explain; but there is every reason to believe that this tremendous agent had been employed by her previous to her appearance in Glaser's house. Determined as she was at all hazards to advance her own interests, poison seemed to furnish her at once with the talisman she was in search of—it punished her enemies, it removed those who stood in her way—its operation afforded her the means of rendering her good qualities conspicuous in her affected sympathy for the sufferer;—nay, administered in smaller quantities by her experienced hand, it was equally effectual in preventing a second visit from a disagreeable guest, or annoying a fellow servant with whom she had a quarrel. By long acquaintance, poison had become so familiar to her, that she seemed to look on it as a useful friend; something equally available for seriousness or jest; and to which she was indebted for many a trusty and secret service. When the arsenic which had been taken from her pocket was exhibited to her some months afterwards at Culmbach, she seemed to tremble with delight; her eyes glistened as she gazed upon it, as if she recognised a friend from whom she had long been separated. Of the crimes which she

had perpetrated, too, she always spoke as of slight indiscretions rendered almost necessary by circumstances—so completely by repetition had murder itself lost its character of horror.

From the first moment she had entered the house of Glaser, the idea of obtaining an influence over his mind, so as to secure him as her husband, had occurred to her. That he was then married, was immaterial: poison would be the speediest process of divorce. First, however, the victim must be brought within the range of her power; hence her anxiety to effect the reconciliation of the pair, and the return of the wife to her husband's house. The plan succeeded, and within a few weeks after her return, Zwanziger commenced her operations. Two successive doses were administered, of which the last was effectual. "While she was mixing it," she said, "she encouraged herself with the notion that she was preparing for herself a comfortable establishment in her old age." This prospect having been defeated by her dismissal from Glaser's service, she entered that of Grohmann. Here her common mode of revenging herself upon such of her fellow-servants as she happened to dislike, was to mix fly-powder with the beer in the cellar, in the hope of creating illness, though not death; and of this beer it happened more than once that some of the visitors at Grohmann's table also partook. These, however, were mere preparations "to keep her hand in;" the victim for whom her serious poisons were reserved was her unfortunate master. Here also she had for some time indulged the hope of a matrimonial connexion; infirm and gouty as he was, she thought she would obtain such an ascendancy over him as to induce him to descend to this alliance; when all at once her hopes were blasted by hearing of his intended marriage with another. For some time she tried, by every means in her power, to break off the connexion; but her arts proved ineffectual, and Grohmann, provoked by her pertinacity, had mentioned to a friend that he could no longer think of retaining her in his service. The wedding-day was fixed; all hopes of preventing the marriage were at an end; and nothing now remained for her but revenge. In five days afterwards, Grohmann fell a victim to poison.

From this service Zwanziger passed into that of Gebhard, whose wife soon shared the fate of Grohmann; for no other reason, according to her own account, than because that lady had treated her harshly, and occasionally found fault with her management of the house. Even this wretched apology was contradicted by the facts proved by the other inmates of the house. The true motive, as in the preceding cases, was, that she had formed designs upon Gebhard similar to those which had failed in the case of Glaser, and that the unfortunate lady stood in the way. Her death was accomplished by poisoning two pitchers of beer, from which Zwanziger from time to time supplied her with drink. Nay, even her husband was made the innocent instrument of his wife's death, by administering the same liquid to the invalid. Even while confessing that she had thus poisoned the beer, she persisted in maintaining that she had no intention of destroying the unfortunate lady; if she could have foreseen that such a consequence would have followed, she would rather have died!

During the remaining period, from the death of Gebhard's wife to that of her quitting his service, she admitted having frequently administered poisoned beer, wine, coffee, and other liquids, to such guests as she disliked, or to her fellow-servants, when any of them had the misfortune to fall under her displeasure. The poisoning of the salt-box she also admitted; but with that strange and inveterate hypocrisy which ran through all her confessions, she maintained that the arsenic in the salt-barrel must have been put in by some other person.

The fate of such a wretch could not of course be doubtful; she was condemned to be beheaded, and listened to the sentence apparently without emotion. She told the judge that her death was a fortunate thing for others, for she felt that she could not have left off poisoning had she lived. On the scaffold she bowed courteously to the judge and assistants, walked calmly up to the block, and received the blow without shrinking.

BATTLE BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

As I was one day sitting in my arbour, my attention was engaged by a strange rustling noise at some paces distant. I looked around without distinguishing anything, until I climbed one of my great hemlock stalks, when, to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long: the fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter they appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect did they present! Their heads were compressed to a very small size, their eyes flashed fire; and after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself, and hurried towards the ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and, half creeping, overtook and again attacked the other, which placed itself in the same attitude, and prepared to resist. The scene was beautiful; thus opposed, they fought with the utmost rage, but, notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage, the water-snake

seemed desirous of retreating towards the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than, twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, it pulled the latter back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat, the water-snake took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by this acquisition became a match for its fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length. They pulled, but pulled in vain, and in the moments of the greatest exertions, that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations rapidly following each other. Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of their heads. At one time the conflict seemed decided. The water-snake bent itself into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched. The next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate. Victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to the one side and sometimes to the other, till at last, the stalk to which the black snake was fastened suddenly gave way, and they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, for, by their agitations I could trace, though not distinguish, their mutual attacks. They soon re-appeared on the surface, twisted together as on their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it was stifled, and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than, abandoning it to the current, it returned on shore and disappeared.—*Letters from an American Farmer.*

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN-OF-WAR VESSEL.

(Concluded.)

THE grand divisions of the crew are into petty officers, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys. This division has reference to rank; but there are others, into which considerations of this kind do not enter. Such are the military divisions, and the divisions into larboard and starboard-watches, into forecatermen, fore, main, and mizen-topmen, afterguard, waistlers, holders, &c.

The petty officers are appointed by the commander, and may be degraded by him without the formalities of a court-martial. They are selected from among the most experienced and trustworthy of the seamen, and receive eighteen dollars per month. They consist, on board of a frigate, of a master-at-arms, eight quartermasters, four boatswain's mates, eight quarter-gunners, a boatswain's and gunner's yeoman, a carpenter and sailmaker's mate, an armourer, a cooper, cook, and cockswain.

The highest and most responsible of the petty-officers is the master-at-arms. He is, if I may be allowed the expression, the principal police-officer of the ship. He has charge of all the prisoners, and every morning makes out and hands to the commander a list of their names, with a specification of the crime for which each is confined, and the time when he was put in confinement. If he allows any of them to escape, he is liable to be punished in their stead. He counts the blows audibly when a prisoner is flogged with the cat. It is his duty to search those suspected of thefts, and when a man dies, to take an account of his clothes and other effects. At public sales he is the auctioneer. He has charge also of the berth-deck, and it is his duty to see that it is kept in good order. All property that falls in his way for which he cannot find an owner, is thrown into the "lucky bag," the contents of which, if not finally claimed, are sold at auction.

The office of quartermaster is one of some dignity and considerable importance. Its duties are not laborious, but they require vigilance, carefulness, judgment, and a thorough acquaintance with practical seamanship. In port, only one of them keeps watch on deck at a time. You may know him by his spy-glass and his busy, bustling air. He is all eye and all locomotion. He cocks his telescope at every new object that appears, and gives it a thorough scrutiny. It is his duty to keep a look-out for signals from other ships, and to report them to the officer of the deck; and also to report to him all boats that come alongside, and all other movements and occurrences in the harbour, which he may deem of sufficient importance. At sea, two of the quartermasters are required to be on deck during the day, and half of them at night. One is stationed at the wheel to steer the ship, and the others keep a look-out as in port. When the log is thrown, they hold the minute-glass. They have to strike the bell every half-hour, and take turns in mixing and serving the grog. In entering and leaving a harbour, when it is necessary to sound, one of them is stationed in each of the main chains to heave the lead. All the colours and signals are under their charge.

Boatswain's mates are an indispensable class of

men on board of a man-of-war, but their office is the most invidious and least desirable of all. Their duty is to enforce the orders of the officers, and, to enable them to do this, each is furnished with a hemp whip, consisting of only one lash, called the colt. They have to perform all the flogging, and the men hate them therefore as they would so many incarnate devils. In the ordinary flogging the colt is always used; but when all hands are called to witness punishment, another whip, composed of nine lashes, and called the cats, is employed. Each of the boatswain's mates has a silver whistle suspended from his neck, with which he echoes the orders of his superiors. He has a different pipe for almost every important order that can be given. For instance, there is one for calling all hands, another for hoisting away, a third for hauling taught and belaying, and so on of others. Amid the darkness and fury of the tempest, when the orders of the trumpet are drowned by the loud uproar of the element, the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle reaches the ear of the sailor on the top of the highest mast, and no language could convey to him a more definite meaning than its well-known tones.

The duty of the quartergunners is to keep the guns, and all other things belonging to the gunner's department, in proper order. They have to inspect the guns frequently, to see that every thing about them is well secured, and at night report their condition to the officer of the deck every two hours. When all hands are called to reef or furl sails, the quartergunners and quartermasters are charged with the mainyard.

The yeomen and mates of the forward officers have charge of their respective store-rooms, and keep accounts of the expenditures of articles from each of their departments. They make out monthly and quarterly returns of these expenditures, which are handed to the captain, examined by his clerk, and inserted in the general account-book.

The armourer is the ship's blacksmith. The cooper opens the provision barrels when their contents are wanted, and performs other matters in his line of business, when necessary. The duties of the cook are somewhat arduous, and it requires a good deal of patience and care to perform them acceptably to the crew. The meals must always be reported "ready" at seven-bells morning, noon, and night. At noon, when dinner is reported ready, the cook takes a specimen to the officer of the deck, who inspects it, to see that it is properly cooked. The boatswain is designed for the captain's boat, but our commanders sometimes, perhaps generally, give this rank to their steward, and select a quartermaster, or other trustworthy person, to perform the duties of boatswain.

There are two other officers, who have not even the rank of petty officers. They are the ship's corporals. They take turns in keeping watch at night on the gundeck, and their duty is to see that no light is burning in any part of the ship where it is not allowed. They make an hourly report to the officer of the deck.

Having dispatched the petty officers, I come now to the rest of the crew, of which the seamen generally compose about one-half. Those of this rank must have seen a good deal of sea service, and are supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with practical navigation. If they are found to be greatly deficient in this respect, they are degraded. They receive twelve dollars per month, and are appointed to the most honourable and responsible stations in the ship. They have a good deal of the pride of profession, entertaining the utmost contempt for all who do not know what salt water and heavy gales are.

The ordinary seamen receive ten dollars per month. They must have had some experience in naval matters, but are neither expected nor required to be finished sailors. Promotions from the rank of ordinary seamen to that of seamen are not unfrequent. The landsmen are as green as a cucumber, having never smelt the ocean, nor been initiated at all into the mysteries of a seafaring life. Their pay is eight dollars.

Of the boys, there are two classes—those who receive eight dollars, and those who receive five dollars per month. They are employed principally in the capacity of servants to the officers. Two are allowed to the captain, besides his steward, one to the first lieutenant, one to every two of the other wardroom officers, and one or two, according to the pleasure of the first lieutenant, to the cockpit, forward officers, and each of the steerage messes. Some are employed as cooks at the galley, and others as messenger-boys on the quarterdeck. The boys and all others on ship-board, who do not keep watch, are called *idlers*.

On board of a frigate there are six military divisions; one on the quarterdeck, one on the forecabin, three on the gundeck, and one on the berthdeck. The last is commanded by the purser, and each of the others by a lieutenant. It is the business of those who compose the purser's division to pass up powder to the combatants. Every officer and man is included in one or the other of these divisions, and is stationed in a particular part of the ship. These are the stations for action, and are called general quarters. The crew is mustered and inspected at quarters always once, and on board many of our ships, twice a-day. There are ten or twelve men to each of the guns in a broadside, called first and second captains, spungers, loaders, powder-boys, &c. The first intimation of quarters is a blast from the bugle, calling the music. The boarders run for their caps, and every man seizes

a cutlass. At the first tap of the drum, there is a general rush throughout the ship, and before the music has ceased, you may hear the midshipmen of the divisions calling over the names, George Bell—first captain, sir—James Anderson—second captain, sir—William Stokes—powder-boy, sir—and so on. Having called the names, the midshipmen report to the officers of their divisions, the officers of the divisions to the first lieutenant, and he again to the captain. The order is then given to "beat the retreat." Another rush takes place, the cutlasses and boarding-caps are returned to their places, and the men, as the case may be, proceed to their daily labours or their evening diversions. All this is but the work of a moment. Sometimes the call to quarters is beaten in the dead of night, and then the men are obliged to get up, lash their hammocks, take them on deck, and stow them in the nettings, and be ready to answer to their names in the space of about eight or ten minutes. The midshipmen have to do the same. They generally, however, avoid the labour of carrying their hammocks on deck, by stowing them in the mess-room. This is to accustom them to sudden alarms. but it is not often practised.

What is of vastly more importance is experienced in the art of gunnery; and it must be mentioned, to the honour of our naval officers, that they are indefatigable in their exertions to render our seamen expert and ready in this branch of their profession. In good weather some of the divisions are exercised at the guns almost daily, and on board most of our ships, one day in the week, there are general quarters for that purpose. On these occasions, all the evolutions of a regular engagement, such as loading and firing the guns, boarding, extinguishing fire, &c., are gone through with. All this is of course a mere sham, and not an ounce of gunpowder is burnt; but it gives the men experience, makes them expert at working the guns, and cannot fail to fill them with confidence and bravery in the hour of real peril.

In the general quarter bill, the surgeons are stationed in the cockpit. Here all the wounded are brought, and all the surgical operations performed, in time of action. The chaplain is also stationed in the cockpit to give pious counsels, and administer the comforts of religion to the dying.

In addition to their general quarters, the men are also stationed for getting under weigh, and coming to an anchor for tacking and veering, and for other general evolutions. I have sometimes been astonished to see how quick, in the darkest night, it is discovered that a man is missing from his post, and how speedily he is searched out and brought to it. But not only does every man know his station: he has a specific duty to perform at every order, and a failure on his part might disconcert the whole operation. Thus, it will be seen, that, notwithstanding the complicated nature of naval evolutions, and the apparent confusion which must necessarily prevail when all hands are called, there is in fact the greatest possible order, efficiency, and harmony of action. I might go on *ad infinitum* with details of this kind, all tending to show the admirable adaptation to each other of the parts, and the general perfection of the whole of that system of internal polity which prevails on board a man-of-war, but I am afraid of trespassing upon my reader's patience.

The whole crew is divided into two equal portions, called larboard and starboard watches, from the fact that those belonging to one of the divisions stow their hammocks in the larboard, and those belonging to the other, in the starboard nettings. When at sea, each of the watches at night takes a turn of four hours on deck, while the others are allowed to "turn in." Those in their hammocks call it their "watch below." Those, however, who keep watch on deck, when the weather is fair and the ship under easy sail, are allowed to sleep, if they do not disturb the general tranquillity by their ungracious snoring. In port, only a quarter-watch is called, except in squally weather, and these are for the most part allowed to stow themselves away somewhere on the gundeck.

At sea, the marines, in succession, all do duty as sentries in the following places—one at the cabin-door, one at the scuttle-butt, one at the brig, and one at the fore-passage on the berthdeck. The rest are obliged to pull and haul on the ropes like the sailors, but they are excused from going aloft. In port there are three additional sentries, viz. one at each of the gangways, and another on the bowsprit. During the day, a sergeant's guard, consisting of thirteen, are required to be dressed in uniform, and to remain on the quarterdeck. A marine in uniform must never pass the capstern without paying it his respects: in undress, he is not required to show it more politeness than a sailor.

The reader may be curious to know how so many persons as compose the crew of a frigate can find employment in the ordinary business of the ship. The time of most of them is chiefly occupied in "keeping the ship in order." This might seem, at first, a simple affair, and capable of being soon dispatched; but there are more things included in "keeping a ship in order" than the philosophy of a greenhorn ever dreamed of. Not only must every part of her be kept as clean as a lady's parlour, and every article arranged for inspection as carefully as a coquette would adjust her toilet, but there are kinds of work to be performed, of which a person unacquainted with a man-of-war could form no conception. The "bright

work" requires immense labour. This consists in scouring all the belaying-pins and rings on the spar-deck, the brass on the capstern, about the companion-ways, and in other parts of the ship: the monkey-tails, iron handspikes, and cutlasses; the two rows of iron stanchions which support the spar-deck, the hoops of the spit-boxes (of which there is one to every gun, and a plentiful quantity distributed throughout other parts of the ship), the battle-axes, priming-wires, &c. All this is to be done every day, and if but a modicum of rust is left, woe be to the luckless wight at whose door it lies. It is sure to give employment to a boatswain's mate. Besides this, all the ladders, combings of the hatches, wooden handspikes, &c. must be scraped perfectly clean. Add to all this the labour performed by the different gangs of mechanics, and the working of the guns, and loosing and furling sails for the pure purpose of experience, and the wonder will rather be, that so few men should be required, than that so many can find employment.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUNS.—PARASELENÆ, OR MOCK MOONS.

THE parhelia, or mock suns, vary considerably in appearance, and in their relative position to the accompanying halo, being sometimes observed at the spot where one halo meets, or bisects another; and sometimes within the circumference of the principal halo, while it is itself surrounded by smaller halos. These mock suns have usually a stream of white pyramidal light, extending like the tail of a comet from them, and they vary much in the intensity of the light they exhibit. "A rare and curious phenomenon (says Mr Tyler) was observed on the 11th of January last. The weather had been mild for a number of days previous, and on that day the thermometer ranged from 23° to 30°. The atmosphere was so hazy that a shadow was but faintly visible, the haziness being most dense near the south horizon, but growing rarer, and finally disappearing a little north of the zenith. The first appearance was a brilliant parhelion. Its form at first was nearly circular, and its apparent diameter a little greater than that of the true sun. Its light, which was of a brilliant white, was so intense as to pain the eyes. In a few moments, another parhelion, of equal brightness, appeared at the same distance on the east side of the sun, and at the same altitude. When first seen, it appeared a little elongated vertically, and slightly coloured. Both these parhelia retained their size and appearance for a few moments, and then began to lengthen in a vertical direction, and show the prismatic colours with considerable brilliancy. Directly above the sun appeared, at the same time with the parhelia, a coloured arc, having its centre in the zenith, and its convexity towards the sun. The exterior was red; the other colours were merged into each other, but the blue and green were predominant, though faint." "I do not recollect (says Captain Scoresby) to have observed these phenomena more than thrice. The first occurred on one of my earliest voyages to the fishery, and passed off as a wonderful appearance, without inducing me to minute the particulars. I perfectly recollect, however, that there were two or three parhelia, and four or five coloured circles. The primary one encompassed the sun, the remainder had their centres in its circumference; and some of its intersections exhibited the splendour of the parhelion. Some of the circles almost equalled in their colours the brilliancy of the rainbow, a grand arch resembling which was also at the same time displayed in the opposite quarter. The other two instances occurred on the passage. The one when outward bound, April 14, 1807, latitude 64° or 65°, consisted of several parhelia, which, accompanied by coloured circles, and arcs of circles, and succeeded by a lunar halo, together with the aurora borealis, proved the harbinger of a tremendous tempest. The last phenomenon of this kind which I saw appeared on the passage homewards in 1811. It consisted of a large circle of luminous whiteness, passing through the centre of the sun in a direction nearly parallel to the horizon, intersected in various places with coloured circles of smaller dimensions. At two of the intersections of the coloured with the white circle, were exhibited brilliant parhelia of an irregular form." "Such are the singular and peculiarly striking phenomena which frequently occur in those dreary regions, which appear to have been set apart for the reign of eternal solitude; in the bare attempt to explore which, many of the most enterprising British navigators have only hazarded their lives to encounter greater and greater difficulties, until they arrived at length at insurmountable barriers to farther progress.

Paraselenæ, or mock moons, have been in like manner occasionally seen, and are certainly not less interesting. Hevelius, in the year 1690, described several of such at Dantzic. On the 1st of December 1819, many were observed by Captain Parry, at the dis-

* From "Two Years and a Half in the American Navy," London, Bentley.

† American Journal, vol. xxi. p. 183.

‡ Scoresby's Account of the Arctic Regions, p. 202.

tance of 21½° from the moon. One of them was close to the horizon; another perpendicularly above it; other two on a line parallel to the horizon. "Their shape was like that of a comet, the tail being from the moon. The side towards the moon was of a light orange colour. During the existence of these mock moons, a halo or luminous ring appeared round the moon, and passed through all the mock moons, at which instant two yellowish-coloured lines joined the opposite mock moons, and formed four quadrants, bisecting each other at the centre of the circle. These appearances varied in brightness, and continued above an hour." Many similar instances of such phenomena might be cited, but the truth is, that all descriptions, however correct, must be inadequate to convey the actual impressions such appearances excite. The aspect of the heavens, under the most common and frequent circumstances, to a contemplative mind, gives rise to the most serious and elevated reflections; but when the sun and moon seem to change their wonted colours—when halos or glories unlooked for break around and encircle them—when the sun and moon are reflected in false images amidst the bright and dazzling exhibition of other extraordinary phenomena, mankind naturally pause to gaze and wonder; the philosopher, admiring not less the effect, examines into the causes of the apparent prodigy; while the ignorant spectator, "planet-stricken" by the first survey, turns within himself to yield only to the suggestions of an ignorant and delusive imagination.

The truth is, that all philosophical investigations, even into the most strange and eccentric phenomena of nature, while they enlarge our ideas, and reconcile us to, at first sight, singular anomalies, inspire us with a stronger and higher confidence in the wisdom manifested throughout creation; for who, as a "poor child of doubt, whose hope is built on reeds," can walk with confidence through paths along which every successive step plunges into deeper and deeper darkness? We naturally, after surveying the appearances and the effects of such phenomena, are anxious to examine into the causes by which they are produced; and it will, as a general principle, be found that the most apparently complex ends are generally by Nature effected by the simplest means. Here we find no difficulty. Already it has been explained how the intervention of a cloud, or any modification of invisible vapour, may reflect entire, or break down into its elementary rays, the white light proceeding either from the sun or moon, and to this we owe the appearance of such halos, parhelia, or paraselenae. In a former article in this series,† we explained wherefore a very intense degree of cold always exists in the higher regions of the atmosphere; and this, aggravated by the cold which is produced in wintry seasons, occasions minute angular pieces of ice to float in the higher strata of the air, which refract in all directions the rays of the sun or moon. "The production of halos (says Sir David Brewster) may be illustrated experimentally by crystallising various salts upon plates of glass, and looking through the plates at a candle; when the crystals are granular, they will produce the finest effects. A few drops of saturated solution of alum, for example, spread over a plate of glass, so as to crystallise quickly, will cover it with an imperfect crust, consisting of flat octahedral (eight sided) crystals, scarcely visible to the eye. When the observer, with his eye placed close behind the smooth side of the glass plate, looks through it at a luminous body, he will perceive three fine halos at different distances encircling the source of light."‡ That such crystals of ice, analogous to the crystals formed by the alum on the glass, exist disseminated through the atmosphere, there is no doubt; and that, owing to their angular forms, they will refract the rays of the sun and moon round them, is equally obvious. Accordingly, the existence of such particles of ice in the atmosphere, at the time when such halos occur, must be expected, and, should such be concomitant, will render the explanation perfectly satisfactory. In the arctic regions, the existence of such particles of ice floating about in the atmosphere is proved by the sense of touch, by their pricking the skin like needles, and raising blisters on the face and hands; and at these very times, such halos, parhelia, and paraselenae, are of most frequent occurrence. In winter, when such frost-smoke occurs, these phenomena are often seen; but in summer, when this does not occur, such halos and mock suns and moons are seldom visible. In the temperate regions, such appearances only arise during the colder months of the year, when such crystals of ice exist in the higher regions of the air, and are not observed during summer. Lastly, halos, properly so called, seldom or never occur in the torrid zone, where such crystals of ice are less likely to occur than in the temperate regions. Accordingly, without entering into any minute account of the speculations which have been broached concerning the minute forms of the prisms of ice necessary to produce modifications in the extent and character of these halos, we may conclude this article, proposing to consider in our next the appearances and causes of other luminous meteors, the consideration of which we hope will not be unacceptable to the readers of the Journal, with

whom it has been our wish to traverse the paths of science, not as a task or heavy labour, but as a recreation from graver pursuits, saying, with the immortal Milton,

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose
But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

IMPRISONMENT OF AUTHORS.

[By D'ISRAELI.]

IMPRISONMENT has not always disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies, but often unquestionably has greatly promoted them.

In prison, Boethius composed his work on the Consolations of Philosophy; and Grotius wrote his Commentary on Saint Matthew, with other works: the detail of his allotment of time to different studies, during his confinement, is very instructive.

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David.

Cervantes composed the most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well-known law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet for debt: the name of the place, though not that of the author, has thus been preserved; and another work, "Fleta Minor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in knowing the Bodies of Metals, &c., by Sir John Pettus, 1683;" who gave it this title from the circumstance of his having translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison.

Louis the Twelfth, when Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the Tower of Bourges, applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected; he became, in consequence, an enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed a very skillful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the First, during his cruel confinement at Holmsby, wrote the Eikon Basilike, *The Royal Image*, addressed to his son; this work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr Gauden, who was incapable of writing the book, though not of disowning it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement: and it is said Mary Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished History of the World, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his sublime eloquence, was the fruits of eleven years of imprisonment. It was written for the use of Prince Henry, as he and Dallington, who also wrote "Aphorisms" for the same prince, have told us; the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Raleigh it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most reclusive and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his History of the World." He was, however, assisted in this great work by the learning of several eminent persons; a circumstance which has not been noticed.

The plan of the *Henriade* was sketched, and the greater part composed, by Voltaire, during his imprisonment in the Bastille; and "the Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan was produced in a similar situation.

Howel, the author of "Familiar Letters," wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet prison: he employed his fertile pen for subsistence, and in all his books we find much entertainment.

Lydiat, while confined in the King's Bench for debt, wrote his Annotations on the Parian Chronicle, which were first published by Prideaux. This was that learned scholar whom Johnson alludes to: an allusion not known to Boswell and others.

Freret, when imprisoned in the Bastille, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. His dictionary was always before him, and his principles were got by heart. To this circumstance we owe his works, animated by all the powers of scepticism.

Sir William Davenant finished his poem of Gondibert during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbrooke Castle.

De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and it has been supposed served as the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. There he also composed his *Jure Divino*.

Wicquefort's curious work on "Ambassadors" is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works.

One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar, of the name of Maggi. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and particularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defended Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by

inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken in 1571, they pillaged his library, and carried him away in chains. Now a slave, after his daily labours he amused a great part of his nights by literary compositions; *De Timinnabulis*, on Bells, a treatise still read by the curious, was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the erudition of his own memory, and the genius of which adversity could not deprive him.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

MONKEYS.

In a course of lectures on natural history, by M Geoffroy Saint-Hilare, recently published, it is stated that monkeys are susceptible of *ennui*. A celebrated philosopher of the last century, who was certainly much more of a man of talents than of a natural philosopher, pretended, in the first instance, that to his hands alone man was indebted for his superiority over other animals. It was objected to Helvetius, that monkeys, having four hands instead of two, ought, according to him, to be much superior to man in intelligence. But he replied that monkeys, kept by the disposition of their bodies in perpetual motion, were not susceptible of *ennui*—one of the principles, in his opinion, of human perfectibility. Helvetius would see in M. Geoffroy's work, that in this supposition he was again in error; and besides, that the organization of monkeys differs in so many important respects from that of man, that it is manifest the monkey species must for ever be at an infinite distance from the human. One curious fact, and which alone would determine that question, is, that it has been ascertained that the young monkey is much more intelligent than the adult. By a remarkable law of nature, the more the physical strength of the monkey increases, the more its intellectual power diminishes.

PLAINS OF TROY.

The plains of Troy, so famed and flourishing in ancient days, are now barren and desolate. The sculptor sees no statues, the architect no remains, and the painter any thing but a picturesque view. It is fit only for the collegian or the moralist. The classic Scamander is but a muddy stream, winding through an uncultivated plain, covered with stunted oaks, underwood, and rushes. At the opposite extremity of the plain stand the tombs of Hector and Achilles, that of the latter near the Hellespont, where the Greek fleet was moored. Near is the grave of his friend Patroclus. All their glories are now reduced to a few *tumuli*, about 30 feet high. The Scamander is between 200 and 250 feet broad, and very muddy, having the appearance of being much flooded. Farther up the plain its course becomes undistinguishable among the marshes. After passing a smaller river, you arrive at an ancient *tumulus*, not far from the shore. What is most striking in this monument is the existence of an arch, which forms an entrance to the centre. Above are the remains of a square basement, on which the column of the tomb may have formerly stood. On your return you see the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, and some others.—*Webster's Travels.*

POETRY.

[The following poems are not only entitled, from their merit, to appear in this or any other periodical work, but they further bear a value in the light of intellectual curiosities. They are the composition of a young lady, aged only thirteen years, the daughter of a respectable writer to the signet in town.—Ed. C. E. J.]

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Oh, no! she never told her love, nor dreamt that mortal knew
What made that once bright cheek so pale, and dimmed those
eyes of blue;
Or what unbidden bade the tear from those bright eyes to flow—
She hid her sorrow in her heart; but was it hid? Ah, no!
For oft the blushing cheek would tell, the quivering lip reveal,
What in her young, overburdened heart, she struggled to conceal.
They saw her slender graceful form grow thinner every day;
They marked the smile upon her cheek, like sunshine, pass away.
And, like a worm within the bud, love on her cheek did prey,
Till rest forsook her sleepless couch, and peace her thoughts by day;
And wand'ring reason almost fled, and left her fallen throne;
And grief grew weary of its tears, and love itself was gone.
But yet she ne'er confessed her grief, nor whispered to the air
The passion of a slighted love, the cause of all her care.
Guiltless she lived, yet lonely died, for none could soothe her woe—
She sleeps where wildflowers sadly wave, where sighing breezes blow.

SONG.

Oh, mark yon little bounding bark,
That skims along the main!
Ye roaring waves, be merciful—
Return it safe again.

And blow, ye breezes, gently blow,
And waft it to the shore;
For one young heart would break with woe,
Should it return no more.

A fair one stands at her lattice high,
And she sees it come in sight;
Her heart beats as it ventures nigh,
And she watches with delight.
Her lover's in yon little bark,
That rises with the foam;
Then, gently blow, ye vernal gales,
And waft the sailor home.

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* Parry, Op. Cit.

† See articles of Popular Information on Science, on the Atmosphere.

‡ This experiment is so easily made, that we warmly recommend it to our young readers. See Sir D. Brewster's *Optics*, Lardner's *Encyclopædia*, p. 277.